

## HAVERSTRAW'S PET LIES DYING.

Little Ethel Nonmaker Fast Sinking in Roosevelt Hospital.

"Mamma, Papa, Don't Cry," She Said, When Wounded, "I'm Going to a Better Place."

Shot by a Youthful Gunner, Who Fired at a Bird as It Flew Past the Child.

"SHE IS LIKE SUNRISE IN SUMMER."

Hundreds Were the Girl's Escort When Her Cot Was Carried to the Railroad Station, and the Whole Village Grieved.

"She was like sunrise in summer. She was so bright, so cheerful, so happy."

Ethel Nonmaker, "the Pet of the Village" of Haverstraw, was dying in the Roosevelt Hospital last night. She is but nine years old, the charming child of George Nonmaker, a one-armed newsdealer of Haverstraw. She was accidentally shot last Saturday by Alonzo Bedell. When Ethel was carried wounded into her home, she said, cheerfully:

"Papa, mamma, I know I am not going to get well. But don't cry. I am not afraid. For I am going to a better place."

Alonzo Bedell and another boy named Waupse, went gunning with repeating rifles. They stopped before the Nonmaker cottage. Ethel sat on a log across the street from where they stood. A bird flew between the young gunners and the girl. Bedell whipped his rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. Ethel put her hand to her side and exclaimed:

"Oh! I'm hurt!"

Charles Bennett, a neighbor, took her in his arms.

"My heart hurts me so," faltered the child as Bennett took her to her mother. Then it was she told the parents not to weep.

**Loved by All the Village.**

Every one in Haverstraw loves Ethel, and the news instantly spread. No one deplored the accident more than young Bedell, who is thirteen years of age. Dr. E. B. Laird was called. He found Ethel had been shot in the right side, just above the hip. The doctor ordered her father and Mrs. William Ganson to hold Ethel, while he probed for the bullet. She was calmer than they, for when Dr. Laird inserted the probe they faltered.

Realizing that the child's wound was most dangerous, Dr. Laird determined to send Ethel to Roosevelt Hospital. On Sunday evening she was placed on a cot and carried to the West Shore Railroad station at Haverstraw. Eight hundred people followed those who carried the cot, all grieving and sympathetic. Ethel was placed in a car prepared for her reception.

By express train to this city. Her mother, Mrs. Seward Jersey, W. H. Jenkins and Thomas Kennedy accompanied her. Here the child was put in a carriage and driven to the hospital. Her mother and friends went to the Pomeroy Hotel to await the dictum of the surgeons.

**No Way to Save Her.**

Dr. Charles A. McBurnie examined Ethel. He found it would be useless to operate; that there was no hope of saving her life. She retained consciousness and was patient and cheerful until Monday night. Then her mind yielded to the opiates that were given to relieve her pain.

Mr. Jenkins compared Ethel to a Summer's sunrise.

"She was a remarkable child," said he yesterday, weeping and speaking as if the girl were already dead. "Young as she was, she took a deep interest in religion. She belonged to Rev. John Atkinson's Sunday school, and she was never so bright and charming as at the Christmas celebration."

All day long the telephone at the hotel kept ringing.

"I want to talk," said Cent. "I was almost literally true. For the first time, the Nonmaker was."

"How best news that could be received," Haverstraw is that Ethel will recover," said Mr. Jenkins.

**Special Jurors Hard to Secure.**

Special jurors are very difficult to secure, according to a report made by Commissioner Gray to the Comptroller yesterday. He has sent out 4,450 notices, and has personally examined 3,070 men. But of these, only 507 were found available. Mr. Gray was appointed under a special act of the Legislature last year, and his duty is to select a jury list of 3,100 from which talesmen can readily be drawn for murder or other trials, to avoid delay. The report covers six months' work by the Special Commissioner and his staff.

## PLATT HAS VOTES ENOUGH TO ELECT.

His Lieutenants Claim 78 for Him to a Lonely 1 for Mr. Choate.

Democrats Lack a Senatorial Candidate, but Senator Hill Is Vigorously Opposed.

Wanamaker's Chances Fade Away, and Penrose Gets the Nomination in Pennsylvania.

**ADDICKS HAS A LEGISLATURE.**

His Followers form a "Rump" House. Pritchard's Fight in North Carolina and Mansbrough's Chances in North Dakota.

Albany, Jan. 5.—Thomas C. Platt has enough votes pledged to elect him as United States Senator in place of David B. Hill. The Republican machine has been diligently circulating a pledge during the last three weeks, and to-day it was announced that seventy-eight Senators and Assemblymen had formally signified their intention of voting for Mr. Platt.

The professionally undecided are sixteen in number, and Joseph H. Choate has one avowed supporter, Senator Pavey. On joint ballot there are 200 votes, 150 Republican and fifty Democratic. Seventy-six votes are necessary to a choice in the caucus, and to-day, almost two weeks before the election, Mr. Platt has them and two to spare.

The friends of Mr. Choate are not dismayed. They question the accuracy of the figures given out by the machine, and declare that the margin of safety is too narrow for Mr. Platt's comfort. They also call attention to the fact that there are fifty-five Republican legislators unpledged, and say if Mr. Platt's high-water mark of strength is only seventy-eight votes there is a good chance of electing Choate. Legislative experts concede the possibility of Mr. Platt's supporters changing their minds if the proper efforts at moral suasion are made by the Choate advocates.

**Platt Men Worked Hard.**

Platt lieutenants throughout the State have urged legislators by letter and word of mouth to declare themselves in favor of the ex-Senator. If, after six weeks' constant work, Platt gets only the bare majority he cannot have the potent influence over the legislature he is credited with possessing. It is said, State Chairman Hackett, who was elected to-day in charge, seemed very pained over the situation.

It is pretty well understood that the Republican caucus will be held on January 14. This will give the Union League Committee of Fifty practically no time in which to call attention to the morals of the case. The Legislature, after organizing to-morrow, will adjourn for a week and the caucus will be held the day after the legislators reassemble. The situation is to some extent humorous, for Mr. Platt, it must be remembered, has not declared himself as a candidate. In all probability he will remain in seclusion at No. 40 Broadway and when the Republicans decide upon him and the Legislature elects him he will be in a position to express gratified surprise at the unexpected and unthought honor. Mr. Platt is pushing this policy to "rebuke" the Union League and other organizations which have declared for Mr. Choate. In fact Mr. Platt's friends say that he would probably never have thought of taking the Senatorship if some persons had not been so bold to advocate Choate.

**DEMOCRATS HAVE NOT CHOSEN.**

The Democratic legislators have agreed upon no one as yet for United States Senator. Their nomination for this place will be purely a compromise and neither Tam, many nor the Kluge County organization has given any indication as to whom it favors. Six of the Tammany Assemblymen were nominated with the distinct understanding that they would not vote for Senator Hill. If the caucus should decide upon Senator Hill, and the district is understood in that direction, there will be a bold bid by Senators Gay, Coffey and McNulty and Assemblyman Gledhill. If no orders are issued by William F. Porter, the recent Democratic candidate for Governor, may get the complimentary vote.

A slip was circulated about the Capitol to-day containing a protest by "The Committee of Eight of Albany" against the nomination of Senator Hill. They claim that it would "give honor to a deserter and place a price on hypocrisy." The members of the committee are as yet unknown.

**ADDICKS' "RUMP" HOUSE.**

Fourteen of His Followers Organize an Independent Legislature. May Seize the Treasury.

Dover, Del., Jan. 5.—J. Edward Addicks

How Thomas Collier Platt Works the Wires at Albany.



made his first move toward securing the Senatorship from this State to-day when his followers, seven Union Republican candidates for the House of Representatives from Kent County, who were declared not elected by the Board of Canvass, and seven Union Republicans who were defeated in Sussex County, met in the State Library this morning and decided to form a "rump" House, to meet at the Hotel Richardson. They then repaired to the hotel and organized, with Luther C. Conwell as temporary chairman. Thomas C. Moore was elected permanent speaker and the oath was administered to him by Mr. Conwell. Mr. Moore then swore in the thirteen other members. Charles S. Hastings was made clerk and Thomas E. Brown recording clerk. They, with the minor assistants, then took the oath.

The regular Senate met and selected Horace H. Harrington, Democrat, Speaker. The Democrats captured the Senate through the failure of the Republicans to stand together. Meredith, Democrat, of Kent County, was seated and Albee, Republican, was rejected. The regular House organized by making E. B. Higgins, Democrat, Speaker.

The feeling among the Union Republicans against the Democrats has become more bitter every hour, and there is a rumor current that they will seize the State Treasury and have the Treasurer decline to pay the expenses of the Democratic Legislature. As yet the Union Republicans have not completed the organization of a "rump" Senate, though it is expected they will do so in a few days. It is not known what the composition of the Senate will be, though it is believed it will not consist of more than three members.

Although the Democrats have taken no definite action in regard to a Senator the election of a silver man to the office, however, now seems assured. The Senator will probably be chosen on January 19.

**WANAMAKER'S HOPE GONE.**

State Senator Penrose, in Caucus, Gets 133 Votes to the Ex-Postmaster-General's 75.

Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 5.—Senator Boies Penrose, the brilliant young Philadelphia, was to-night nominated United States Senator to succeed to Cameron, receiving 133 votes to 75 for John Wanamaker in the Republican caucus. Cameron received only one vote, while Congressman John B. Robinson got one vote and Judge Charles E. Rice one also.

The caucus met in the hall of the House, there being 215 legislators present, and was presided over by Senator Grady, of Philadelphia. Speaker Boyer nominated Penrose in a brilliant speech. Then Senator Kniffman recounted the great good that Wanamaker had done for the State, and named him as a man who would honor the country.

It had been the hope of the Wanamaker people that they would ultimately increase their vote from that of last night, but even with the aid of ten Senatorial votes, they gained but four. The announcement of the vote was the signal for the wildest cheering and waving of flags in the gallery, and there was much enthusiasm.

**Minister De Lome's New Secretary.**

Washington, Jan. 5.—A new secretary of the Spanish Legation will arrive in this city next Sunday in the person of Senor Pablo Soler. This will give the Legation two secretaries of the first class. Senor Don Juan Du Bose being the other. Senor Soler has been until recently practically the private secretary to the Duke of Tetuan.

## AIR WHITE WITH UPLIFTED HANDS.

Thousands Attend the Big Revival Meeting at Cooper Union.

Many Decide to Change Their Ways and Tearfully Ask for Prayers.

Ira D. Sankey Tells the History of One of His Most Famous Songs.

**DIXON TALKS ON FAITH AND SCIENCE.**

Throw out the life-line across the dark wave. There is a brother whom some one should save. Somebody's brother! Oh, who then will dare to throw out the life-line, his peril to share?

As the last line of his masterpiece echoed through the arches of Cooper Union yesterday noon, Ira D. Sankey laid down his book and said:

"I ask your prayers for the man who helped me to write that song; he is ill in a far-away country, and may never rise from his sick bed. Years ago he showed me the report of a wreck on the Spanish coast. It said the rescuers had climbed to the top of the lighthouse and had shouted through their trumpets, but that when the day broke they found twenty corpses on the beach."

I told him what was wanted was not men who would go to the top of the lighthouse and blow their trumpets, but those who would go to the beach and help to save. The song we have just sung is the result of that Government report."

So opened the day's work following the meetings held by Moody's Evangelical Rally, which is to be kept up indefinitely throughout the year 1897, the pastors of the redemption of Greater New York. With over thirty meetings held nightly in the churches of New York and Brooklyn, the work has already assumed large proportions. It has even spread to Jersey City, and the Rev. S. V. Robinson is speaking to large audiences in the Farmley Memorial Church.

Yesterday's Cooper Union meeting was conducted by the Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon, of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, who has two brothers preaching the Gospel, one of them the Rev. Thomas Dixon, of this city.

The prayer and praise meeting which followed the talk was a wonder. Men, women and children wept and asked for prayers. Sankey opened it by singing with great feeling, "Jesus is Tenderly Calling These Home."

The first speaker was a missionary among the Greeks of this city. He said three of these strangers to our institutions had asked for prayer Monday night. This was almost unheard of, for the Greeks are often so burdened with

superstition that it is hard for them to believe.

**Petitions for Various Things.**

Then came the requests for prayers. The first read was unsigned, coming through a pastor from a young woman who is at variance with her family. She asked the meeting to pray there might be a reconciliation. Next came a request from a father of a young man who goofed at religion and would not associate with believers, much to the sorrow of his mother. Last came a letter asking help for a whiskey seller—name withheld. Dr. Dixon said Pierson had converted a shoal of saloon keepers in a Tennessee town, who had then poured their whiskey on the ground, and what that poor, frail little preacher could do in the mountains God would help his people in New York to do. Nothing could be more glorious than to see 300 New York saloon keepers marching to Zion.

After fervent prayers had been offered for all these, Dr. Dixon asked those who were uneasy about their souls' welfare to stand, or raise their hands. In a moment the audience was white with uplifted hands—sweet young girls, boys in knickerbockers and gray-bearded men. Tears ran down their faces as they testified their need of salvation.

When Dr. Dixon saw the number of young men, he said: "Jesus was ever tender with young men. He sympathized with them, and he knows to-day that the love of Christ is what they need in this great, tempting, wicked city."

Dr. Dixon's topic was "Faith," and a spirited subject he made of it. There was nothing but take evolution purely on faith, and I believe God made man as he is, rather than to bring him up from the mud. Evolution forces us to believe a miracle was performed at every step of the way. After years of study Huxley said there was absolutely nothing to prove spontaneous generation, yet he said he believed it. The story of Jonah and the whale isn't a marker to such a theory as that.

"All the proof is that barbarous, savage man was created as we find him to-day; only that now, through his sins, he is but a wreck of his former self. The oldest skeletons we find show us men of tremendous frame, and we know there were giants in those days."

"In the studies I became interested in the grave. Science told me that through ages of drought these animals had to stretch their necks to feed from the topmost branches, and that the shortest-necked ones died. Think of a man grating that wouldn't reach down a leaf to his dying grandsons! It is a senseless assertion, yet it is backed by science."

**Senseless Guesses of Science.**

"I prefer to take the Word of God before the senseless guesses of science. Of one thing there can be no doubt—Jesus on the cross represents the brotherhood of God to man. The purpose of the death of Jesus was to win us to God."

"I believe some Christians do more good after they are dead than while they are alive. The people who rule Brooklyn are not at the City Hall, but in Greenwood. I would not have these men go about tipping tables and writing on slates to convince me they still live, for they live in our characters and make us better."

"I believe our friend Sankey's songs will keep doing good long after he has gone home to heaven. It is better to be dead, having lived right, than to be alive, after a sound sleeper, better to be buried in Greenwood, under the waving grass, than to snore in one of our rich churches."

## MAN HUNTERS ROVE THE HILLS IN VAIN.

No Trace Yet of Kerrigan, Assailant of Little May Pellington.

Farmers and Constables of Midvale, N. J., Out Yesterday with Firearms.

Thought of Dying Child and Distracted Father Keeps Desire for Vengeance Aflame.

**THREATS TO KILL WORRY OFFICIALS.**

They Are Anxious to Capture Fugitive Alive, but Citizens Say "No!"—Miserant May Join His Sister at West Point.

"See here, boys! You'd better go slow with them guns, because we've got a warrant for this fellow Kerrigan, and we mean to take him alive if he don't make no fight, and lock him up all regular."

"G'way, Jake, you don't mean it, do yer? Why, I ain't got no more'n an ounce or two of buckshot in this old thing, an' that would scarcely be liable to hurt a fellow like Kerrigan—leastways not while little May Pellington's a lyin' down yonder dyin', and old man Pellington carryin' on so he 'pears to be daffy."

The speakers were two of a group of men who were standing on a rocky eminence in the foothills a few miles from Midvale, N. J. Some of them were carrying Winchester, others shotguns. Some had nothing but a six-shooter, and there were a few who boasted no more formidable weapon than a stout cudgel.

The man who uttered the warning was one of the local constabulary. The badge on the lapel of his rusty shooting jacket showed that. He was backed up by three or four of his aids. The cries of office sat heavily upon them, for they feared they would have a hard time with the volunteer man hunters if they caught David Kerrigan and tried to get him to the Paterson lock-up alive.

It was told in yesterday's Journal how the countryside was out after the assailant of the ten-year-old daughter of Cyrus Pellington, of Midvale. The chase has been in full cry ever since Saturday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Pellington, on returning from a drive, learned of their hired man's crime.

"What kind of a lookin' man is this Kerrigan?" asked another of the party, as he leaned on his rifle and scanned the fields down below through half-closed eyes.

"He's a big, gawky kid," said Constable Dick Crawford. "You can't miss him if you see him. His hair's the color of a smumash bush in the Fall, and his meastly face is covered with freckles."

"Red hair ought to make a pretty good mark for a Winchester at short range," said the other man meditatively, as he threw the rifle to his shoulder.

"My better 'n' broke in another, 'that Kerrigan's got away from these parts. They say he has a sister living somewheres in the West, but in New York State, and I shouldn't wonder if they found him up there."

"Well, a couple of our boys have gone up there to look about it," said Constable Crawford, with the complacent air of an official who has not been caught napping. "It'd be too bad if they got him up there and sneaked him into jail without us havin' a shot at him," grumbled the man who had asked what Kerrigan looked like.

The purple mists of evening were rising from the canyons, and the fourth day's search drew to an end without result. The constables looked rather relieved than otherwise. There were other parties out, to be sure, covering a radius of many miles, but if the quarry had been shot down like a mad dog, they at least did not wish to be responsible. Every bush, every thicket, every barn had been searched. Every hay mow had been poked with the muzzles of guns, on the triggers of which rested alert fingers. It would have become monotonous only for the thought of the dying child and the "daffy" father.

The other bands of manhunters also returned to their homes empty-handed. The rain of Monday night had destroyed all trails, and the bloodhounds used on Saturday and Sunday found their occupation gone. Rumors that Kerrigan had been seen near Rockaway, in Morris County, drew many searching parties thither during the day, but they could find no trace of Kerrigan.

May Pellington's father has learned that Kerrigan was discharged from his former place on account of a gross offence which would have barred him from employment if it had only been known of in time.

**New York's Great Charities.**

A complete list in Eagle Almanac for 1897.—Advt.

## MUST WED HER WHEN HE'S FREE.

Katherine Keating Awaits Result of McArthur's Divorce Suit.

Declares She Will Stick to Charles Till He Weds Her.

If Necessary, Will Drag Him Before a Justice of the Peace and Compel Him to Marry Her.

**MOTHER SHIELDS THE YOUNG MAN.**

Mrs. McArthur Names Two Women and Says There Are Others—Her Husband and His Brother Retort—Case May Be Tried To-day.

Charles B. McArthur is not entirely happy. His wife, Mrs. Fannie McArthur, is suing for divorce and he has a counter-suit against her.

But divorce will not free McArthur. Another young woman is waiting to marry him the moment he shall be free. Of course the law of this State forbids a divorced man to marry again. But there is a ferryboat to Jersey every few minutes.

This determined young woman is Miss Katherine Keating, of No. 482 Amsterdam avenue. She is very pretty and stylish, perhaps twenty-two years old. She has publicly declared:

"Charles must marry me. I will stick to him until he gets his decree. Then, if necessary, I will drag him before a Justice of the Peace and compel him to marry me."

Mrs. McArthur's suit was to have been called before Justice Beekman on Monday. That evening Miss Keating, McArthur and Mrs. McArthur, his mother, who is said to be rich, were in very earnest conversation in a corridor of the Court House. Miss Keating was plainly indignant. Her cheeks were flushed, her fine eyes flashed her resentments were almost threatening.

"Don't you forget, sir!" she cried to Mr. Arthur, while Mrs. McArthur tried to pacify her, and he sought shelter behind his mother. "Don't you forget that I am to be your wife as soon as this suit is over."

Justice Beekman postponed the case until Tuesday, and then set it down for 10:30 o'clock this morning. When Miss Keating learned of the second postponement she impatiently stamped her little foot and left the court house. So McArthur is not entirely happy.

McArthur lives at No. 155 East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street. He and his wife are young, and are well known to Harlem. They were married six years ago, and have one child. Mrs. McArthur, in her complaint, declares that Julia Quinliss, Laura Taylor "and others" have caused her husband to forget his marriage vows. And often, during 1895, at No. 728 Columbus avenue and No. 1041 Broadway.

In his answer McArthur denies his wife's accusations and claims that it is she who has been forgetful. In his support he has the affidavits of his brother Edward and of one Henry Zimmerman. Mrs. McArthur has replied to her husband's allegations, which were called "outrageous."

While in the court house yesterday McArthur seemed to have a vivid recollection of his experience of Monday. So long as Miss Keating was in sight he kept well under the shelter of his mother's wing.

**MRS. BALBIN'S QUEER CLAIM.**

Wants \$10,000 for Alleged Injuries, Caused by a Falling Ceiling.

Mrs. Charlotte Balbin, of No. 350 East Thirty-third street, has sued her landlords, Henry and David Levy, in the Supreme Court, for \$10,000 for injuries she says she sustained, through a ceiling in one of the rooms falling upon her. The landlords declare that Mrs. Balbin pulled the ceiling down and caused the accident. A doctor testified that Mrs. Balbin, who is a very fleshy woman, had several bruises on her body, but she was so fat he could not be sure her ribs were fractured, as she claimed.

**Recovered \$15,000 in Bonds.**

Postmaster Dayton received a letter from a prominent New York financial concern yesterday congratulating him on the efficiency of the postal service. The occasion was the recovery of \$15,000 worth of bonds which had gone astray. They were sent to the firm from Amsterdam, Holland, but by mistake were sent to Curacao in the West Indies. They have since reached the firm.

Thanks to the introduction of Salvation Oil, young bicyclists need not fear a fall. 25c.—Advt.

